

We each have had "inheritance,"
 We each have had our "way,"
 We each at water's sacred edge
 Left "prodigal" one day.

We each are prone to soon forget
 And want "just one more try,"
 Lot's wife looked back and turned to salt,
 We do. I wonder why?

We all know people turned to salt,
 Nothing can live around.
 I'd rather be a "fruitful field"
 Where love and joy abound.

If we would build Our Kingdom
 According to His Plan
 We have, right here, the blue prints
 For each and every man.

LaMesa, Texas 1948.



OUR TEXAS GIRLS IN OUR "REFRIGERATOR" JULY 1971

Our Texas friends saw snow
 The middle of July
 They found it in "God's Upper Room,"
 I'm glad we could stand by.

They played like our own girls,
 They giggled, screamed and fought,
 The snow balls flew, not just a few,
 They threw, they hit, they caught.

Jeanoyce's toes came through her sox,
 (She threw her shoes away)
 For 'most an hour they slid and climbed,
 Boy! Could those Texans play!

Wet seats, cold feet, and happy smiles
 From Air Condition Land,
 The Lord provides this special gift
 To save our hot, dry land.

With Alma and Nettie Huber we took these friends, part of
 whom had never seen snow, to Tryol Lake campground for
 breakfast, then on to Mirror Lake and back to snow bank on
 the east side of Mt. Baldy Pass for their snow fun. We had
 known Jeanoyce and Susan in Uvalde. Their names:
 Jeanoyce Creech, Susan DeVaux, Delia Silgvero and Betty
 Theiss.

POCATELLO JUNE 29, 1972

Dear Martha and Elmer (Packer):

For that fine "picnic table" our thanks!
 That good rain would have filled Texas "tanks."
 We enjoyed your love
 And we thank God above
 That your riches are not all in banks.

CHRISTMAS 1973

Dear Marge and Jack (Hines):

For love and food and goodness, "Thanks,"
We're glad your wealth's not all in banks,
We're glad you shared that sealing day,
When hearts and tears got in our way,
But we all know God heard us pray,
And heaven blessed our ranks.

A poem written to Elder Karl N. Borgersen and his new bride.

Now Oakland is "a right smart piece"
We-all won't make it there,
And Billings, just a wee bit north,
'Though we won't come, we care!

With light and phone and cribs to buy,
And gas (instead of Pa's),
We thought we'd help you with your mail,
(This idea was Ma's).

We sent stamps.

DECEMBER 8, 1967

A tribute to the Dye Family (Ray, Arlis, James Frederick and Sam) as they moved to Altus, Oklahoma.

Some words are used in different ways,
We often wonder why,
Example: when you breathe your last,
Good English says, "you die."

A plumber came to fix our pipe
From spouting to the sky,
He said, "I've got to cut new threads,
I'll have to use my die."

When we first studied of the mint,
Where money's coined, and why,
We learned they print those fives and tens
With something called a die.

As spring approached my mother said,
"The Eastertime is nigh,
If you would like some colored eggs
I'll have to have some dye."

And so, die means a parting sad,
A threader, and, oh my!
A thing to stamp out money with,
And color, why oh why?

But since we came to Texas plains
A month or so's gone by,
And now we know new meaning to
That lovely old word, "Dye."

James Frederick is a joy to know,
There's mischief in his eye.
If you want trouble from this lad
Just let your lesson "die."

And Sam don't let the cobwebs grow,
Song books are always nigh,
He teases Ma and Pa and James
But, somehow he gets by.

Dear Arlis, you're a little gem,
You smile because you try,
We'll miss your soothing way with kids,
We'll just miss you, oh my.

Dear florist, Elder, music-man,
Your "vacant chair" looks high,
Unselfish cook, fun loving soul,
God bless you, Brother Dye.

LAMESA, TEXAS
CHRISTMAS 1967

It is hard to imagine a more wonderful Christmas than we had with Elder Nelson and Elder Udall. They brought the tree, we all decorated it and opened our gifts together. Everyone succeeded in making everyone else happy. Mom and I decided that we should have had nine, rather than seven, daughters.

Dear Elder Paul M. Nelson:

From "another (1) Gennesaret" flows "another Jordan River,"
To "another Sea" most saline, in "another Promised Land."
Opposite this Jordan's birthplace, walking distance from the "dream mine,"
Nigh unto the "land of Goshen," our new friend's career was planned.

No, it's not in Spring Lake villa, and I won't accept Lake Shore,
Minutes out of Payson Canyon—Benjamin? Too near the "Sea."

Now geography is over, you have wasted efforts grand!
Where they "twist" a busy highway 'round a dozen times or two,
Like a blacksmith works with metal, or a sale made by a Jew,
Where they raise good watermelon, pretty (2) "Pond Town" bordered you.

Faded freckles faintly twinkle like they've had their fun with you,
That sweet boyish, impish remnant of a grin still sneaks on thru.
Dignity, your mom will wonder, you possess with graceful hand,
Neither has your poise meant murder to your appetite of youth,
Dignity, and grin and freckles go with food, and that's the truth!

And our fine, mature, sweet Elder stands most proudly with our band.
Dear Elder Steven Udall:

Herefords couldn't be that pretty as the cattle of X-Bar,
Ranges couldn't be that luscious; horses just must smell a little
Worse than pretty fragrant flowers.
Surely there's a rock or thistle, badger hole or stinkin' pole cat,
Timber wolves or cattle thievings, burnt on food
Or, at least, too many hours.

Ah! Methinks our "Sandy" Elder has a built-in Liahona
With a "colored television" that turns Scrooge into Paul Bunyon,
Texans, too, possess "strange powers."
Junior Elder, we do love you; glad you're hungry, glad you care,
Glad you're courteous and manly, glad for qualities so rare,
Glad you "savy" loading seed trucks, cotton trailers by the hours.

- (1) Another name for the Sea of Galilee.
- (2) Elder Nelson was from Salem, Utah.

GOLDEN WEDDING GREETINGS TO
NIFF AND ETHEL
[AT THE REQUEST OF THEIR KIDS]

In the mud I got stuck by the "knoll,"
For some help I then took a fast stroll
To the ranch by the spring,
"Strangers, help will you bring?
I need help and will gladly pay toll."

I declined a choice place at the table,
Dad said, "Niff, hurry out to the stable
And pull this boy out,
There'll be others, no doubt,
Don't take pay, we will help while we're able."

Some years later I moved to the "Valley,"
Niff and I met in "Sunday School Alley,"
We were on the stake board,
Food and fun, and the Lord
Helped us build up a Sunday School rally.

Hospitality bloomed in that home,
Love and music and children were known,
And still are today
And the neighbors all say
You are welcome from basement to dome.

If you want a good stunt in a hurry,
Or a week or a month, just don't worry,
Bell and Forence and Eth
Will just knock out your breath,
And they'll sure keep your audience "purry."

If a goat or a kid eats your score
And there just isn't time to find more,
Blindfold, Ethel will play
For all night or all day
From the artists and masters of yore,

Or the terrible jazz of her youth,
Or the sweet Gospel songs of our truth,
Be it "Woodstock" or "Fling"
Or Elvis or Bing,
Be it long hair, sedate or uncouth.

When her poor little neighbor got sick
In the body, and head, she would stick
With Ethel for love,
And help from above,
Ethel gave it or got it real quick.

This couple is always ambitious,
Their "pitch-in-ee" help is delicious
They make you feel fine
Like the scent of cut pine,
They are special, and that's not fictitious!

All their children have followed their lead,
They've responded to precept and deed,
And we're proud of each one
And the things they have done,
They're an L.D.S. family indeed.

Golden weddings like your's are created
By God, and by couples well-mated,
Who do things His way,
Who labor and pray
And don't let their love get out-dated.

In Love,
Joe and Violet Olpin

TO CARD AND MARION ON THEIR 50TH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

The tall man of the mountains and the streams,
The pretty, smiling "Lady of the Lake,"
They courted when the reservoirs were born,
They pioneered when that was hard to take.

The comforts of a pretty, modern home
Were traded for the comforts of the past,
The store, the beauty shops, the shows,
The church, the friends, how could this marriage last?

Mountain mosquitoes into late July,
Brigades of buckets from the distant spring,
Downhill when empty, leaded coming up,
But you could rest, and hear the birdies sing.

The cow and calf each dragged a "catching chain,"
Came home at night for grain and loving care,
They brought the milk and grew the tender beef,
They loved the mountains and this kindly pair.

"Old Dandy" knew when trail got high and hard
His gentle master would dismount and climb,
(I'll bet that empty saddle made him smile)
The rest of us rode horses all the time.